

Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt?
Dol. It is the Emperour Madam.
Cesar. Arise, you shall not kneele:
 I pray you rise, rise Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
 My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Cesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
 The Record of what injuries you did vs,
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
 As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
 I cannot protect mine owne cause so well
 To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
 Bene laden with like frailties, which before
 Haue often sham'd our Sex.
Cesar. *Cleopatra* know,
 We will extenuate rather then inforce:
 If you apply your selfe to our intents,
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
 A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antonies counte, you shall bereaue your selfe
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which Ie guard them from,
 If thereon you relye. He take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
 your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.
Cesar. You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels
 I am posses'd of, tis exactly valowed,
 Not petty things admitted. Where's *Selenus*?
Selen. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
 Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd
 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Selenus*.
Selen. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,
 Then to my perill speake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sel. Enough to purchase what you haue made known
Cesar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue
 Your Wisedome in the dedde.
Cleo. See *Cesar*: Oh behold,
 How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this *Selenus*, does
 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust
 Then loue that's hyrd? What goest thou backe, & shalt
 Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
 Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog,
 O rarely base!
Cesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cesar*, what a wounding shame is this,
 That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
 Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
 To one so mecke, that mine owne Seruant should
 Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
 Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cesar*)
 That I some Lady trifies haue referu'd,
 Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
 As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
 Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
 With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Cleo, kneeles.

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
 Through th'Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
 Thou would'st haue mercy on me.

Cesar. Forbeare *Selenus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
 For things that others do: and when we fall,
 We answer others merits, in our name
 Are therefore to be pittied.

Cesar. *Cleopatra*,
 Not what you haue referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd
 Put we'th Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and belecue
Cesar no Merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd,
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
 Our care and pity is so much vpon you,
 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.*Cesar.* Not so: Adieu. *Flourish.**Exit Cesar, and his Traines.*

Cleo. He words me Gyrls, he words me,
 That I should not be Noble to my selfe,
 But hearken thee *Charmian*.

Ir. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
 And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye th'e againe,
 I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
 Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.*Enter Dolabella.**Dol.* Where's the Queene?*Char.* Behold sir.*Cleo.* Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
 (Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
 I tell you this: *Cesar* through Syria
 Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
 You with your Children will be send before,
 Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd
 Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.*Dol.* I your Seruant:Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cesar*.*Exit**Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.Now *Ir.* what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
 In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
 With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
 Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
 Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclouded,
 And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Ir. The Gods forbid,

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Ir.* sawcie Lictors
 Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
 Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
 Extemporally will stage vs, and present
 Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeepping *Cleopatra* Boy my greatness
 I'th' posture of a Whore.

Ir. O the good Gods!*Cleo.* Nay that's certaine.

Ir. Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nalles
 Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
 And to conquer their most absurd intents.

*Enter Charmian.*Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
 My best Attires. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
 To meete *Mark Anthony*. Sirra *Ir.* go
 (Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,) And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
 To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsmen.

Guard. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
 That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
 He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in.*Exit Guardsmen.*

What poore an Instrument
 May do a Noble dedde: he brings me liberty:
 My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
 Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
 I am Marble constant: now the fleeing Moone
 No Planet is of mine.

*Enter Guardsmen, and Clownes.**Guard.* This is the man.*Cleo.* A void, and leaue him.*Exit Guardsmen.*

Haft thou the pretty worrne of Nylus there,
 That kills and paines not?

Cleo. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-
 tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
 immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-
 uer recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

Cleo. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
 one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-
 man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not
 do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-
 ting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie
 good report o'th' worrne: but he that will beleuee all that
 they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but
 this is most falliable, the Worrne's an odde Worrne.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.*Cleo.* I wish you all ioy of the Worrne.*Cleo.* Farewell.*Cleo.* You must thinke this (looke you,) that the

Worne will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Cleo. Looke you, the Worrne is not to bee trusted,
 but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
 no goodnesse in the Worrne.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Cleo. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
 is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Cleo. You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know
 the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
 a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
 not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
 great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
 make, the diuels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Cleo. Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit*
Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more
 The iuyce of Egypt's Grape shall moyst this lip.

Yare, yare, good *Ir.* quick: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I see him
 To praise my Noble A
 The lucke of *Cesar*, w
 To excuse their after w
 Now to that name, my
 I am Fire, and Ayre; n
 I giue to baser life. So
 Come then, and take t
 Farewell kinde *Charm*
 Haue I the Aspicke in
 If thou, and Nature car
 The stroke of death is a
 Which hurts, and is de
 If thus thou vanishest,
 It is not worth leaue-t
Char. Dissolue thic
 The Gods themselues c
Cleo. This proues m
 If she first meete the C
 Hee'l make demand of
 Which is my heauen to
 With thy sharpe teeth
 Of life at once vntye: I
 Be angry, and dispatch
 That I might heare the
Char. Oh Easterner!
Cleo. Peace, peace:
 Dost thou not see my B
 That suckes the Nurse
Char. O breake! C
Cleo. A sweet as Ba
 O *Anthony*! Nay I will
 What should I say—
Char. In this wilde
 Now boast thee Death,
 A Lasse vnparalel'd. L
 And golden Phœbus, n
 Of eyes againe so Royall
 He mend it, and then pla
Enter the Guard
 1. *Guard.* Where's t
Char. Speake softly
 1. *Cesar* hath sent
Char. Too slow a M
 Oh come apace, dispa
 1. Approach ho
 All's not well: *Cesar*'s
 2. There's *Dolabella*
 1. What worke is he
 Is this well done?
Char. It is well don
 Descended of so many
 Ah Souldier.

*Enter**Dol.* How goes it?2. *Guard.* All dead.*Dol.* *Cesar*, thy tho

Touch their effects in th

To see perform'd the dr

So sought't to hinder.

Enter Cesar and

All. A way there, a